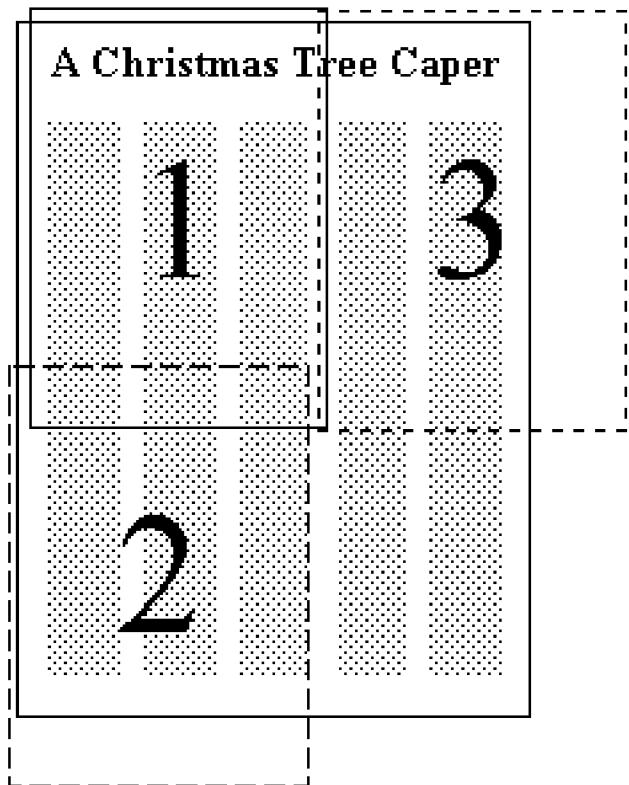


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



TERRY

SIR, THIS IS THE LADY FROM THE MAINLAND WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE INFORMATION OF INTEREST TO YOU.

MEANWHILE, AT A FORMOSAN AIRBASE...

THE YANKEE-DEVIL AIRCRAFT ITS CREW WAS OF THE PROPER TYPE... OVERHEARD STATE THAT YOU ARE SURE IT SUITS OUR PURPOSE? PROCEEDS TO JAPAN



WIFE BEATER

By JACK RITCHIE

(Copyright 1955 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)

MY WIFE Irene stood in front of the bathroom mirror admiring her black eye. "How do you think I'd look in an eyepatch?" she asked. "They seem to be in style."

"Try sunglasses," I said. "Very dark sunglasses."

"Or should I leave it unadorned for all the world to see?"

"You're not leaving the house until that disappears." I leaned against the bathroom door. "I'm really sorry, honey. I didn't know you'd be behind that door when I opened it."

"It's all right, dear," Irene said. "I've practically forgotten the blinding flash, the searing pain, the sparkle of stars and the deep unnerving shock."

The front doorbell rang and I straightened up. "I'll answer that. And if it's anybody we allow in the house, you'd better stay hidden in the kitchen until we can figure something out."

Fred Haver, my neighbor, shifted the cigar in his mouth as he walked into the living room. "I finished my paper and decided to come over here and argue sports until supper time," he said.

Besides, my wife's in a bad mood again. She lost 45 cents at bridge this afternoon."

HE MADE HIMSELF COMFORTABLE

Fred made himself comfortable in an easy chair and I was just filling my pipe when my wife came into the room carrying my slippers and sniffling plaintively. "Here are your slippers, dear," she said. "Let me untie your shoe laces."

I spoke fairly loud. "Never in my life have I struck a woman."

Fred got to his feet. "I'm going back home right now. And my wife better have supper ready or who knows what terrible forces may be unleashed."

After Fred was gone, I scowled at my wife. "Stop monkeying with my shoe laces. You've got a knot in one of them."

She got to her feet and went to the dining room mirror. "I should have married Walter Sweeney," she said. "He'd be gentleman enough to peek through the key-hole before he opened a door."

On the way to work the next morning, I stopped at Walter Sweeney's Service Station for some gasoline and oil.

He came out of his office and up to my car window. "You got a lot of nerve coming here after what you did to Irene. But anyway it saves me the trouble of looking you up."

"I see the news has got around," I said dryly.

"A fine sweet girl like that and she had to marry you. I knew you were no good right from the beginning. Your eyes are too close together."

"Now look, Walt," I said. "This has gone far enough."

"You bet it has," he said, his jaw thrust out. "Striking a defenseless woman!" His fist came through the open window and

know the details." Her voice contained a thoughtful note. "I think they were calls of sympathy."

She came out of the kitchen, aproned and carrying a wooden spoon. "Goodness," she said, staring at me. "What happened to you?"

"Did you know that my eyes are too close together?" I asked sweetly.

"You poor dear," Irene said. "I'd get you our beefsteak, but it's almost done. And besides, I rubbed garlic on it."

While I was in the bathroom washing up, the front doorbell rang and Irene went to answer it.

When I finished and joined her in the living room, Walt Sweeney was sitting in my favorite chair.

"Look who's here, dear," Irene said. "It's Walt Sweeney."

I took off my coat and began to roll up my sleeves.

Walt sneered. "Never mind the threatening gesture. It doesn't impress me. My mother told me that all wife-beaters are basically cowards."

My wife clasped her hands. "You've come here to protect me, Walt. Isn't that sweet?"

Walt blushed slightly. "I've always thought a lot of you, Irene."

I regarded them for a few seconds. "So you're here to protect my wife? For how long?"

Walt's jaw was firm. "For as long as need be."

NINE HOURS OF SLEEP

"Who's going to tend to your service station?" I asked.

"Well," Walt said, thinking it over. "I'll protect her after work, I guess."

"And nights?"

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"You sure got her well trained," Fred said, grinning.

"I'm sorry about supper, dear," Irene said, allowing her voice to break slightly. "I tried awful, awful hard to be prompt, but it will be two minutes late."

Fred's eyes went to me and then back to Irene. "How did you get the black eye?" he asked cautiously.

My wife dabbed at her good eye with a handkerchief. "It was a right cross," she said. "Whomp, and down I went."

"She was behind a door dusting," I began.

Fred rubbed his chin.

"And just then I happened to open the door."

Irene lit a match and held it to my pipe. "Inhale, dear. Is the match hot enough?"

"You see, the door knob happened to be just at the right level and—" I thought I detected a faint touch of admiration in Fred's eyes. "So help me," I said. "It was an accident."

He nodded his head sagely. "The quiet ones," he said. "They're the ones who fool you."

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"Now look, Walt," I said. "This has gone far enough."

"You bet it has," he said, his jaw thrust out. "Striking a defenseless woman!" His fist came through the open window and smacked into my eye.

"Get your gas somewhere else, wife-beater."

The eye developed beautifully during the day and I took a lot of ribbing at the office. When I came home late in the afternoon, Fred was mowing his front lawn.

OUTWEIGHED BY HIS WIFE

He looked at me soberly. "I thought so," he said. "She hit back."

"Fred," I said. "Drop dead."

"That's what stopped me last night. The sudden thought that my wife might hit back. She outweighs me by 15 pounds, you know."

I grunted to myself and started up the walk to my front door.

Fred sighed. "Supper was late, as usual."

While I was putting my hat in the closet, Irene called from the kitchen. "Is that you, Tommy?"

"No," I said. "It's Genghis Khan and his Golden Horde."

"I had dozens of phone calls today from women wanting to

see you again for a few seconds. "So you're here to protect my wife? For how long?"

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"Well," Walt said, thinking it over. "I'll protect her after work, I guess."

"And nights?"

The redness went to his ears and he cleared his throat uneasily. "I need about nine hours of sleep every night. Otherwise I feel terrible the next day."

"This is thrilling," Irene said. "Do you suppose the two of you could fight a duel with those cute little swords?"

I took off my tie and draped it over a chair. "Walt, you'd better go home, because I am now about to beat my wife for true."

He got to his feet. "Not while the breath of life remains in me." There was such a ring of purpose in his voice that he startled himself.

In the interest of an eye for an eye, I had intended to hit him in one of them, but Walt had not yet completed the process of drawing himself to his full height. Consequently when my fist arrived at its destination, his jaw was where his eye should have been and he dropped back into the chair leaving behind the world of consciousness.

Irene and I immediately rushed for cold wet cloths and in a little while Walt's eyes opened.

"Would you like to stay for dinner?" Irene asked. "We're

BRENDA STARR



Ref. U.S. Pat. Off.
Cop. 1935 by
The Chicago Tribune

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having beefsteak and black-eyed peas."

He eyed her balefully. "No." He got to his feet. "I've got to go home and have something out with mother."

When he was gone, Irene headed for the telephone. "How interesting," she said. "I think I'll call a few of the girls."

"One thing first, dear," I said firmly.

She looked at me and then her eyes widened. "Now really, Tommy," she said, backing away. "I was just having a little fun."

"Very commendable," I said. "And now I'm about to have some too."

She evaded me in the dining room and the kitchen, but I caught her just as she got into the backyard. When I was through, I shook the sting out of the palm of my hand. "Now sit down and dry your tears," I said.

"No thanks, I'd rather stand for the present time."

"You won't have time for any phone calls," I said. "I want my supper at 6 o'clock. On the dot."

"Yes sir," she said. "On the dot."

I noticed Fred and Mrs. Haver in their yard watching open-mouthed.

Fred was the one who closed his first. Very carefully he put his rake against the fence. He wiped his hands on his trouser legs as he looked at Mrs. Haver. She started to warn him to be

have, but then it was too late.

Fred had his supper on time that evening, too.

THE END

Barbara Has Right Idea; Don't Be Shy

By DORIS BLAKE

"I am a rather shy boy at social functions. My girl friend Barbara, however, is quite the contrary. When we are at parties, she enjoys herself tremendously, regardless of my evident quiet presence. She always mixes in with the other boys and girls, enjoying their pranks and their jokes.

"After the parties are ended we have arguments over her social-plus advances. She tries to tell me that I am too stiff and that I should loosen up and mix with the crowd. At times the parties get a little rough because of boys making advances with some of the girls.

Above Reproach

"I don't like this. Do you think I should conform or stop seeing Barbara. She treats me nice at all times and I do like her but I just don't want her to be mistaken because of her free and cheery manner for one of those girls who permit boys to act the way some of them do with girls. Sarge."

You know your Barbara well enough to know that she is out for good clean fun and nothing more, don't you? We gather from your expressed comment on the free-and-easy girls that she is above reproach. Therefore you

GOREN on

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Barbara's morals, you should try
to persuade her to keep away
from them by introducing her to
another young crowd.

Is it Jealousy?

In complaints like yours, Sarge,
we feel we must allow for a cer-
tain amount of jealousy on your
part. This might inspire you, in
turn, to misrepresent other boys'
actions, even to misinterpreting
Barbara's effect on them. Her
fun-loving spirit probably makes
her most welcome in any young
group.

If you studied yourself a bit
you might find that the reason
for your shyness is too much con-
centration on self and the impres-
sion you are making whereas
your Barbara forgets self in her
interest in others.

Doris Blake will answer letters
concerning affairs of the heart.
Inclose stamped, self-addressed en-
velope to Miss Doris Blake, THIS
NEWS 220 E. 42d St., New York
17, N. Y.

GOREN on Bridge

By CHARLES H. GOREN
WEEKLY BRIDGE QUIZ

Q. 1—As South you hold:

♦A J 10 9 7 4 2 ♦10 8 3 ♦A 4 ♦Q 6

The bidding has proceeded:

North East South West

1 diamond 3 clubs Pass Pass

Double Pass

What do you bid now?

Q. 2—As South you hold:

♦K Q J 5 ♦A Q ♦K 10 9 8 7 ♦9 4

The bidding has proceeded:

South West North East

1 diamond Pass 1 heart 2 clubs

What do you bid now?

Q. 3—With 60 part score your
partner opens one club. You hold:

♦K 6 4 ♦K Q J 10 5 ♦A K 6 3 ♦7

What is your response?

Q. 4—As South you hold:

♦K J 6 5 3 ♦8 7 ♦K 3 ♦K Q 6 5

The bidding has proceeded:

South West North East

Pass Pass 1 diamond 1 heart

What do you bid now?

(Answers to these questions
will appear on Monday.)



WHILE JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY ROOM:

CITY ROOM
OUT OF MY WAY,
KID! I WANT THE
MANAGING EDITOR
OF THIS GREAT
NEWSPAPER!

